

Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi ^{#3} 3/93

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(SNS -- Sushi News Service)

YOKOZUNA WAS NOT WINNER OF RUMBLE '93!

SACRAMENTO, CA -- As proof that you can still fool all the people some of the time, monstrously large Japanese female wrestling star Bull Nakano (who was flown-in at the last moment and was expertly made-up to resemble the 505-pound flu-ridden Yokozuna) won the WWF's ROYAL RUMBLE on 1/24, earning the right to face the WWF's heavyweight champion at WRESTLEMANIA IX in Las Vegas.

Nakano, who looks much bigger in the ring than her actual 250-plus pounds, was paid extra to wrestle topless in Yokozuna's diaper-like outfit, each of the legs of which were filled with an extra 50-pounds of Crisco lard so that no one would notice the difference.

Except for key Titan employees and the person who tipped Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi, everyone (whether attending live at Arco Arena in Sacramento, or home watching the pay per view on television) was fooled--even the wrestlers who participated in the RUMBLE were tricked, as were the underground wrestling newsletter editors whose weekly "insider" bulletins embarrassingly reported Yokozuna, and not the female Bull Nakano, as the RUMBLE winner.

★ ★ ★

HULK HOGAN RETURNS, WINS WWF CHARITY MATCH!

NEW YORK, NY -- Surprise main event participant Hulk Hogan won the "Somali Wall of Death Match" at the WWF's "Headlock on Hunger" card held in Madison Square Garden on 1/29. The event was held to raise money in support of the the Red Cross relief effort to aid starving Somalis.

Similar to a Battle Royal Cage Match, Hogan and other wrestlers were surrounded by a 10-foot high wall of starving Somali kids who Vince McMahon smuggled into the U.S. as reported in Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi #1. The object of the match was to throw opponents over the top of the wall of kids who were stacked on the ring apron like Lincoln Logs, the gimmick being that as the match progressed, the wall started to shrink, getting smaller and smaller as starvation took its toll.

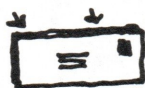
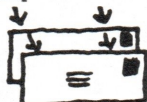
HE ACTUALLY GOT SOME 'SENSE' KNOCKED INTO HIS HEAD!

Thanks to a hundred "extra" IQ points which were knocked loose from where they had been hiding for many years (somewhere near his brain and the spot on his skull which Doink the Clown repeatedly clubbed recently with his unattached arm), Brian "Crush" Adams is reportedly contemplating quitting pro wrestling to pursue a career in quantum space mechanics and time-warp-continuum-technology.

"I never realized that I, and not Lanny Poffo, was the real 'genius' around here," said a serious Crush, dropping the forced smile and fake Samoan accent as he expressed no ill feelings toward Doink. But, you know, I'm under contract, and until it expires, well, hey, brudder--wink, smile, cheeks!--Doink an' me gonna mix it up-big-time-banana brudder, maybe even let the Doinkster tap my coconut one more time for the Vinceman and the big WM-IX angle before I say 'Sayanora' to the squared circle and 'Aloha' to The Milky Way."

HOW TO MAIL FOUR \$A\$.E.'s

Here's how to mail 4 SASE's, money, and a letter-to-the-editor all in one envelope: Stick regular postage stamps on 5 business-size envelopes. Address one envelope (for mailing everything) to us. Address 4 envelopes to yourself. Place 2 of these SASE's together and fold them twice, making a packet one-third the original length, and stuff this into the "left" side of the mailing envelope. Repeat the folding process with the remaining 2 SASE's and stuff them into the "right" side of the mailing envelope. Slip \$4 into a folded letter-to-the-editor, or other correspondence, or a blank sheet of paper for protection and stuff this into the mailing envelope behind the SASE's. Carefully and completely seal the mailing envelope before you mail. Caution: If you put more items inside the mailing envelope than described above, stick another postage stamp on it to ensure delivery.



"SMALL PACKAGE!"

APPLY STAMPS + ADDRESSES... PUT 2 SASE'S TOGETHER... FOLD TWICE... REPEAT PROCESS WITH LAST 2 SASE'S... INCLUDE \$\$\$... MAIL 'EM.

DISGUSTING POST-MATCH ANGLE

② NY, NEW YORK -- Immediately following the "Somali Wall of Death Match," a major brawl ensued among wrestlers appearing at the WWF's MSG "Headlock on Hunger" event. Instead of using metal folding chairs, steel barricades, and the time keeper's wooden table, wrestlers (to the shock and horror of everyone) began swinging and potatoing each other with "sections" of the "wall!"

When SNS asked WWF officials what possessed them to run such a disgusting post-match angle, promoter Vince McMahon and booker Pat Patterson gave each other puzzled looks, shrugged, and replied seriously, "Can you give us a hint? How many guesses do we get? Is this an essay question? Does spelling count?"

PRAYERS, TRAINING, VITAMINS (MAY NOT HELP DON BETKE!)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK -- Hulk Hogan said he agreed to participate in the WWF's "Somali Wall of Death Match" at MSG on 1/29, because, "More than anything I've done in months, it drove home the four demands I've been preaching to kids for years: 1) the importance of praying...to a 'Christian' God, 2) training regularly...with small arms, semi-automatic weapons, and 24-inch cannons, 3) eating plenty of vitamins...or vitamin-enriched Uni-Mix if you can get some, and 4) that it is better to be a bunch of buffed-up little Hulkamaniacs from Everytown, USofA...rather than a stack of scrawny little kids from Mogadishu, East Africa!"

[Ed. Note: The above SNS stories are printed with apologies to Don Betke of Evanston, IL, who, in a moment of weakness, after working out on his Macho Man Muscle Machine, thought up the "Somali" match idea, and then sold it to Vince McMahon, for an undisclosed sum, to be paid-off later, in a locker room to be announced, alone with Vince, with the Hebner brothers nearby. C-a-r-e-f-u-l, Don!]

CAMPBELL-BY-SEA RESIDENT JAILED AFTER BRUTAL ATTACK

SAN JOSE, CA -- Wrestling Observer Newsletter editor Dave Meltzer was arrested and jailed without bail yesterday following a bizarre pro wrestling-like incident at a local elementary school which saw one young student lapse into a coma and become hospitalized and listed in critical condition after receiving serious head injuries.

According to eye witnesses, the San Jose youngster was attacked by Campbell-by-the-Sea resident Meltzer who was a guest speaker during the school's "Dress Up Like Your Favorite Hero" day, an activity where students, teachers, administrators, and adult guest speakers masqueraded as famous persons.

"Jubie Jay was only trying to ask the clown why he didn't like being faxed before noon Eastern Time," said a shocked fourth grader named Sissy Hyatt who was dressed in a bikini. "Suddenly the clown got a wild look in his eyes, tore his left arm out of its socket, jumped off the stage, and potatoed Jubie with his arm, beating him into a crimson pulp!"

Meltzer, wrapped in a straight-jacket (while still wearing the wig and make-up), told SNS he had no idea why he was being held by the police for observation, nor why he was wearing a Doink the Clown costume (and a fake arm filled with lead pipe!), or why he brutally attacked an inquisitive 9½ year old fourth-grader at Lucretia Mott Elementary School.

According to Dr. Budweiser Waterman of Stanford Medical Center, "David Meltzer has not fully recovered from the Trick or Treat incident involving Jubie Jay Mullins last Halloween. His mind is still blocking out a lot of things having to do with last Halloween and Jubie, the Sushiland newsletters, and that whole Mullins family over there. Go ahead, ask David if he knows what I'm talking about...right David?"

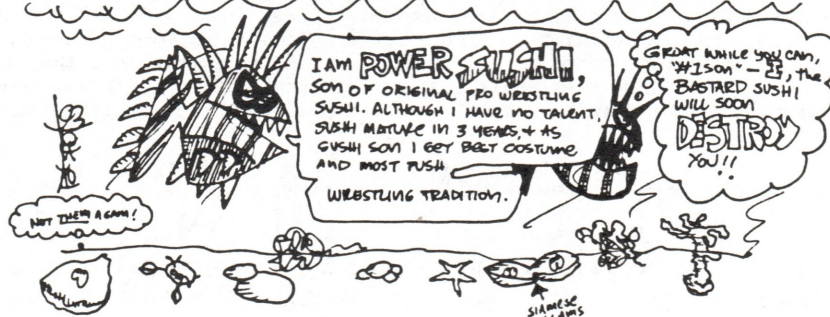
"Uh, don't have a clue. No idea what you're talking about. Haven't the foggiest notion. Don't fax before noon. Sushiwhatsit? It's something you read? Something I ate? Hate it when kids fax before noon! Something that ate something? How many stars did it get? Want to smell my flower? Wooooo-hoo! Wooooo-hoo!"

WWF FANS 'NOT READY' FOR HANDICAPPED WRESTLER

SACRAMENTO, CA -- SNS has learned that curly-haired, grinning, practical-joke-playing wrestler Doink the Clown, whose left arm was torn completely off his shoulder during a recent brawl with his wrestling enemy Crush, did not appear on the televised portion of the ROYAL RUMBLE on 1/24 because, as reported by WWF publicist Steve Planamenta, "We were not sure how society in general would react to a seriously handicapped clown wrestler."

To test audience reaction, Planamenta continued, "We had Doink wrestle during the dark match which preceded the televised event. From all the boos, harsh names, and middle-fingers Doink got when he entered the arena, we knew we had made the correct decision to keep him off television. Whereas people might readily accept a 505-pound ball of Polynesian fudge as a viable challenger, and whereas they might buy an eight-foot-tall Latin guy with brown rug-remnants sewed onto his back as the 8½ Wonder of the World, people apparently are not ready to swallow a circus clown who's missing an important limb."

The WWF spokesperson then said, "Until Doink undergoes major orthoscopic surgery to re-attach his arm, for now, when he wrestles, instead of an arm, we'll simply stick a two-by-four in the socket, or maybe a gas powered Weed Eater (ala Carl Hiassen). Society in general, I'm sure, will accept that!"



ROYAL RUMBLE '93 -- MEMORIES + MAMMARIES! ③

That terrific giant-wall-video split-screen segment used during WWF TV shows the day before RUMBLE, where the giant talking-head of Razor Ramon (in the studio) verbally craps all over Hit Man Hart (in the arena) and his family, was the best use of that technology yet.

If an awesomely buffed Scott Steiner continues the Titan "diet", which seems apparent, a lot of name wrestlers may refuse to hook up against him, not for any moral reason, but simply because they don't want to be putting a bear hug on him when his swollen mammary glands start squirting ICOPRO in their faces.

I can't remember whether it's Beau or Blake Beverly, but one of them could stand to lose a bit of the mass from around his waist and put it on Wayne Bloom's pecs and shoulders, Bloom being proof that some pro grapplers don't "diet" too hard.

Wonder what a little old lady contemplating the meaning of life might have thought if she phoned "Dial-a-Prayer" and accidentally got the ROYAL RUMBLE HOT LINE 900-number...when Butch and Luke were on it?

Was my cable company asleep at the switch? Or wasn't it refreshing when, during the first five-minutes of the opening match, Monsoon and Heenan said nothing and only the sounds of wrestling filled the air?

Sherry couldn't quite pull off the Lovely Miss Elizabeth-worried-for-her-man bit and even she sort of looked like maybe she was dipping into the ICOPRO. (Even if Sherry's mammary glands were in danger of exploding, I'd still give her a bear hug if called upon!) The only time I got into the match was when the great near falls began, when Shawn Michaels did that super backward flip over the corner ropes and onto the floor (I don't ever recall seeing Ray Stevens or Ric Flair do it like that), and when Sherry was going berserk in the back and Okerlund yelled at her, "Dammit, Sherry! You're hysterical!" and all the non-smart production people were trying to get out of the way when Jannetty and Michaels started brawling.

Boss Man's day of reckoning may be near, with him doing a put-over clean pin fall for Bam Bam Bigelow whose tatoo'd skull looks more like a bowling ball that sat under a pigeon roost too long.

*"Dad! She's doing it again.
Tell her to stop!"*



Isn't it time Stu Hart told his wife Helen that pro wrestling is a work and that her sons are not really getting their faces, guts, and ribs pulverized by opponents? Poor lady, always sobbing at ringside when Bret is getting the short end. Jeez, if she's faking it, I wonder what else she faked over all those long cold winters up in Canada? "Ohhh, Stu-baby!" Scott Hall's great selling of Bret's punches at the end will occupy a few of my grey cells for a long time to come, as will the finishing sharpshooter which looked more like a boston crab trying to take a dump in cramped quarters! Also Bret's impressed look after the match when he was given "the phone" at HOT LINE headquarters. Patterson booked a beautiful math, when you replay it, but the talent was wrong, as in not Hogan...or even Warrior.

During the unveiling of Narcissist Lex Luger, all I could think of was that Jim Herd was loose in the building and somehow he got Vince to buy the big curtain'n'Oz idea. I also kept thinking, I just spent \$25 to see Heenan try not to wet his pants while a grown man made his "mesomorphically magnificent" tits and thighs jump in my face. Bring back Sherry, please! At this rate, unless Vince works major magic, 4/4 seems like just another Sunday after April Fools Day.

Those people five rows back at ringside, with all the S-T-E-I-N-E-R B-R-O-S and F-R-A-N-K-E-N-T-E-I-N-E-R signs, were beaten-up by Scott and Rick in the parking lot after the show. "The agents told us if we did a good job holding up the signs, we'd get to meet the Steiners." Oh, those marks. But how were they supposed to know that the word "meet" in rassling parlance is synonymous with "next match?!"

The ROYAL RUMBLE itself was fascinating, if you enjoy counting backward a lot from ten. And there were many little things to fill the hour-long void before the immense person from the East won the whole shebang: like wondering how soon Flair would go and how long Opie Backlund would remain. Shango's (near?) record-setting five seconds in the ring. Recalling DiBiase's great RUMBLER a few years ago. Jerry Lawler's tepid reception. The blue pajamas I wore as a kid that reminded me of Max Moon. Tenryu mixing it up pretty good, but mainly looking like he was searching for Shenanumake Station. Koko Ware looking more and more like a joke-Abby each time I see him ("What do you do for a living, daddy?" "None of your business, son.") Those interesting Samoans and their laid-back ring entrances. Tugboat/Typhoon and the Quake bouncing bellies off each other. The tease that Owen Hart could win it and face Bro Bret at WM-IX. Heenan shouting, "I knew it was going to be good--but not like this!" To which Monsoon responds, "Yes, it's a genuine classic!" That exchange being my favorite joke of the night tied with Heenan's one liner--"They look like ten puppies at feeding time!"--when all the wrestlers in the ring were grouped together trying to lift the "Immense One From The East" over the top rope.

And of course, the highlight of the entire card? When a tall, lost, familiar, Neanderthal-looking Ally Oop-Botswana Beast-of-a-man in need of a shave and an entire body haircut and wearing Jim Hellwig's muscles-painted-on-Ultimate-Warrior's-pajamas, illegally entered the RUMBLE with his manager, a thinner, more animated Jim Herd than I've ever seen him before, and potatoed, uh, mashed potatoed, uh, watery mashed potatoed Undertaker. Okay, so it was actually Harvey Whippleman and Herd's El Gigante. But the costume sure was great!

Alas, McMahon does it again. A charmed life for sure.

④

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Rob Bartlett, WWF Monday Night RAW,

In spite of what Dave Meltzer said about you (and your mother, and her mother, and her mother's mother!) in the 1/20 issue of his newsletter, I really enjoyed your 1/11 and 1/18 appearances on WWF MONDAY NIGHT RAW.

When Dave Meltzer of the Wrestling Observer, one of the leading newsletters in this industry, says Rob Bartlett is "not funny" and goes on to equate your keen wit to that of "toilet humor," you know you are doing something right. Rob, what does Dave Meltzer know about humor? Just ask Vince McMahon if he thinks Dave Meltzer is funny and see how he responds. (On second thought, Rob, don't mention Dave's name to Vince. It might not be a good career move.)

Sure, your commentary is a bit off-color (sort of like pro wrestling itself), but your jokes are off-color in a cerebral, intellectual way, the way the readers of Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi like it!

Keep up the high level of sports entertainment, Rob, and don't let people who wouldn't know the difference between a well placed crude jab vs. a belly to belly laugh influence your work-rate or style. As far as we here in Sushiland are concerned, your jokes are as refreshing as a fart in church, or, to put it another way, as hilarious and as wicked as tossing a frozen fart into Hell!

Keep 'em flying, pal! Your laughing-'til-it-hurts-friend,
Jeff Mullins

*** LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (w/ "TOILET HUMOR" SECTION) ***



8 1/2 WON-
DER OF
THE WORLD!

Hello, everyone! Hey, if Vince McMahon can name a clown "Doink" and a hairy Cro-Magnum el gigante from Argentina "The Giant Gonzales" (or "Geeko the Goozle," or "Andre the Ape-Man," or "The Really Missing Link from Jurassic Park," or whatever), then we can call the letters pages of this sheet any damn thing we want! Right? Hmmmmmm. Maybe we should go back to the old name: LETTERS SECTION FOR RING WORMS & ROWDY BABES, since the name READERS' PAGES is already taken, and since the United States Constitution prohibits anything named the READERS' PAGES from publishing (Hock Tooie! Chop Suey! Huey, Duey & Louie Spicoli Phooey!) "toilet humor!" (Check it out...Article VIII!) And when you're done, check out the following great letters, but BEWARE: This section may contain s-o-m-e "toilet humor" which the U.S. Surgeon General says can seriously mess up the timing of your drop kicks, drastically reduce your live gates and PPV buy rates, and, worst of all, cause the hair in your nose to grow out your ass...when you least expect it! Jeez, as if a company's management, booking, drugs, and personnel policies and practices won't kill it, "toilet humor" will? Rrrrrright. Long live Rob Bartlett...

CRAPULOUS TUG!

My friend the Wrestling Mavin was in Alabama last week to attend a prayer breakfast with his old friend, Governor Hunt. While there he met a reformed bar girl who (before she had seen the light) once had an assignation with Typhoon, known in those days as Tugboat. She was in a bar seeking work (so to speak), when she was approached by this large crapulous man.

"Hey, Baby," he said. "Would you like to share my berth? This tugboat has a powerful motor." ("Fifty bucks," responded the refractory bimbo with a smile.)

"Avast there, sweet thing. I'm a super star in the WWF. Women are honored to follow in my wake." ("All right," said the doxy who was not unused to bargaining. "Forty bucks.")

A deal was struck and the two left together for a tryst in Tugboat's room--a room which, needless to say, had a king-sized bed. Mature readers can well imagine what transpired over the next few minutes. Finally, Tugboat looked down at his companion.

"How is the Tugboat doing, baby?" he panted. ("I'd say you're doing about three knots," replied the demimondaine.)

"Three knots? What do you mean?" (To which she answered...)

"Well, you're not in, you're not hard, and you're not getting your forty bucks back!"

Congratulations on the birth of the Son of Sushi & best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year! [Howard, you are aware aren't you, that you are never, ever going to be invited to Fred Ottman's house for crab cakes & catch o' the day!--ed.]

Howard Bloch
Fairfax, VA

SON OF MADDEN?

Suddenly there was Jubie Jay, wearing shower sandals, a loin cloth, and a beard, and just as suddenly, he was captured by Vince McMahon, Bill Watts, and Jerry Jarrett, who were all dressed up as gladiators! They tied him to a big hypodermic needle and forced him to climb up this big ol' hill. Watts approached with a roll of duct tape, exclaiming there was nothing he "detesteth more than kayfabe from the mouth of an urchin child!" Suddenly, the dark skies cleared and organ music played, as with incredible effort, Jubie Jay freed himself and puked up evil black goo at his foes, melting them like wicked witches of the East, South, and mid-South. With the image of Jubie frozen in my brain, the following words crawled across my retinas: "Son of Sushi: Emerging again on the third day in your mailbox!"

Whooooo, Jeff, was I ever glad to awaken from that dream!

Actually, I almost used it as the subject for a column, but hey, who'd give any credence to that load of crap? Another bad thought: Now that his dad is workin' the front office, how long before we see the WCW megapush of yet another son...Jamie Dundee???

[Matt, are you sure you are not the Son of Mark Madden? Were you eating anchovie pizza before you went to bed? Was your roomie Ross Laidlaw pretending to be Air Jordan in his sleep again, using the house hamster as a basketball, and your snoring oral cavity as the hoop? Man, after that bad dream, and after all the religious & wrestling controversy kicked up in the sheets

before and after Xmas, I don't know if it's safe to be excited about and looking forward to Easter!--Ed.]

Matt Creamer
Oshkosh, WI

(5)

NOTE: Matt Creamer is one of a terrific cadre of columnists and Sushiland friends (Yates, Ratliff, Lano) who appear regularly with others in Dave Prazak's bi-weekly folding chair'n'slug fest called Outside Interference, \$6/4 issues, at 2278 Hidden Creek Ct., Lisle, IL 60532.

Dave also has the O.I. Roundtable'92 available for \$2, a discussion among staffers about the year in pro wrestling. I have not seen this 2nd annual edition yet, but last year's was a neat read, sort of like sitting in the room and listening to bunch of guys talk serious graps.

DA BRUISER

I agree with your "Afterthoughts" in issue #1. In the good old days, I would take a bus to the old Olympic to see Dick the Bruiser, then the ultimate heel, whip the baby-face of the month in front of 16,000 fans, and we all thought it was real!!! It was that good! Everything today is so fake.

Jim Thompson
The Detroit News

TO THE POINT

An unexpected pleasure! Two thumbs up! NO PAIN! Welcome back!

Steven Meyers
San Rafael, CA

GORILLA SPEAK

Thanks for the gift of laughter. Can't wait for the "Son" to rise again! [Ed. Note: Sushiland correspondent Doctor R. Siegel has submitted the "correct" terminology in reference to "medical" complications which arose after Nailz' fist became lodged in the anterior fibular thoracic region of Vince McMahon's throat, as reported in issue #1. We quote the good doctor below....]

"Are you sure Gorilla Monsoon didn't mean to say it was Vince's 'Abdullah Oblongatta' which became inflamed? And I always thought Nailz was a baby face. Am I alone here?" [Not after what he did in Green Bay, Doc.--Ed.]

R. Siegel, M.D.
Hewlett Harbour, NY

PERUERSE?

Wrestling fandom certainly isn't what it was a couple of years ago. When I think about how many sheets have bitten the dust for whatever reason (not to mention how many have stiffed me for refunds) I am a bit saddened. Combine this with the fact that I have allowed certain other subs to expire, my zine reading is now limited. Yet, in a perverse way, I actually miss the steroids, the drug abuse, the sex scandals, the dirty politics and utter lack of business ethics. Wrestling has acquired a certain blandness, sameness and mediocrity of late. When Erik Watts is the subject of one of the biggest controversies of 1992, it's a sad situation.

Vic Stanley
Lafayette, IN

IT COULD BE WORSE

Enclosed is my SASE and \$1.00! Better check it. I got it from Black Jack Mulligan!

P.S. I'm sitting here at the local bar trading shots of vodka with Ron Lemieux and reading Son of Sam, uh, I mean Son of Sushi. Wait a minute, that's not Lemieux, it's that f---ing fat David Webb from the GWF in his Elvis costume. Man, I must still be a mark. Well, it could be worse. I could be the...Son of Bill Watts!

Richard Stafford
Vodkaland, FL

IRREGULAR OR NOT

Good shot at...Rodney Leighton--proof positive that Canadians should not be permitted to inter-breed. And thanks for coming back--even if you aren't regular. (Try Mylanta!)

Name Withheld
Lives Somewhere Near Canadian Border

NAILZ

Like the rest of the scuzbucket sheet writerz, I see you've taken McMahon's side in the Nailz dispute--just like the f---ing and non f---ing feminizts would. But if Nailz is the con that Vince sez he is, then he knowz about sex and harassment big time...and the truth is as plain as the noze on your face--Vince tried to nail Nailz and got caught! So, why are people like you and Meltzer trying to save McMahon's ass when it's Nailz' ass that needz saving here. Did Vince buy you off, too, with tickets to the Eddie Gilbert/Magic Johnson match? Shame! Here's your filthy buck and the SASE!

[Dick, you've gotten me confused again with my brother Riki-Jack. He's the one who supports Vince and f---s feminizts. I'm staying neutral until I hear Joze Gonzalez' side of the story, since he was also one of the guyz mysteriously standing next to the locker room door when Vince inhaled Nailz' arm down to the elbow. Jubie Jay sayz he doezn't care, but he doez want to see any hand-held footage of Vince walking through airports and drinking out of water fountainz while he still haz another man's fist and arm stuck down his throat.--ed.]

Dick Freeman
Yellow Springz, OH

TALKING PAIN HERE

Son of brought a smile to my face, kind of like the reaction ol' Vince was going for there in Green Bay. Though, I'm also thinking Nailz would be the least logical choice to test out a new hold on. (Speaking of the man with the golden grip) WCW is like having Vince's vicelock on the crotch for an entire 2-hour show. When was the last time you prayed for the Hawks to have an

early game? For me it was the last time I watched WCW SATURDAY NIGHT. Here's wishing you and your's a happy, healthy new year that is ICOPRO free!

⑥

Bill Strong
Bristol, CT

WHAT'S A MAID FOR, HUH?

The SASE was no trouble, really, that's why I have a Swedish maid. But one of the problems with being wealthy is that when I reached into my wallet there were no \$1 bills. I found some dimes...that we usually throw off the yacht to the poor kids swimming in the river...but I had only 80¢ worth and I didn't think you'd give me a discount.

P.S. Today, when the maid brought me my mail, there were only three newsletters...the Observer, Torch, and Spawn of Sushi. Because of your personalized note in red ink, you can guess which one I opened first! I don't mean to imply I actually read it first (come on, we're talking Torch...Observer...headlines...real information!) Oh, well, I'll keep trying to find that dollar.

William Burnett
Mempho, TN

THE 'SPINAL TAP' OF PRO WRISTLING!

"The knock of bonewhite knuckle on the door...the hellhowl from the well of the forgotten...the spinning coin...the misremembered voice...the darkyears set ablaze with soundfire...when the daemon dances...when the kraaken wakes...when hill and glen swarm with doomlousts...and all else is emptiness...

"Sushi hath returned!"

Wierd, a bit chopped-up, some poetic license, and a little Led Zepplinish, I know, but the above poem from the fictitious comedy band Spinal Tap represents how I feel about the return of Susheet. Have a great '93!

[Ryan, whatever they are teaching you in high school these days, knock it off, man! Stuff like that scares the s--- out of Jubie Jay. Or have you been playing your "Best of Kevin Sullivan" tapes backwards again? All joking aside, anyone who missed the (totally non-satanic) Spinal Tap Special on New Year's Eve, which revealed more about the fictional "life" of the heavy metal parody band that is so far out it's almost real, missed some great laughs. In that way (the laughs), hopefully, Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi is to the remaining big sheets and wækliës like Tap is to serious rock'n'roll, one being a wrestling sheet that aspires to drop-kick itself into your hearts and souls, the other being a non-existent rock band inspired by its logo--an electric guitar whose chorded neck is knotted into a "small package" no less.--ed.]

Ryan Jones
St. Paul, MN

HOCKEY PHOOEY!

I don't know if you ever went to that SHARKS game you told me you might attend, but it sure sounds like Jubie Jay got to see one: "Shine On My Hockey Post?" The kid is outrageous!!! I thought I was going to fall out of my chair laughing. And I'm sure those boys in Atlanta appreciated it, too. By the way, because that whole bit was so inspiring, I finally sent for a copy of Shenanumake Post, something I'd been putting off (for no good reason) up until now.

Do you really intend to use my SASE? Every time I've sent an editor an SASE, he's never used it to send anything back to me. Just what does happen to all those SASE's anyway?!

[Hi, Robert! My Uncle Jeff says I should tell you my theory about your strange luck with SASE's. Do you understand Albert Einstein's Theory of Relative Black Holes in Space? Neither do I, man. So much for public school education at the 4th grade level. However, one thing I can tell you is that live hockey games suck. First of all there is no entrance music for each of the players! When the goalies come out looking big as Van Vader, no steam shoots out their helmets! Okay, sure, there are a lot of fights, but there are no ring ropes in which to tie a guy up and really beat the snot out of him! The managers do a lot of yelling, like "Mouth of the South" Jimmy Hart, but none of them take awesome bumps out of the penalty box like Harley Race does off the ring apron! And worst of all, there's this tall see-through plastic barrier which circles the rink and forces you to lob food and other objects over it, instead of like wrestling where the only obstruction to nailing a worker is some big fat-headed guy standing on his chair in the fourth row!--Your pal, Jubie Jay "With a cupful of soda and ice, I'm deadly from almost anywhere in the building." Mullins]

Robert Garrison
Raytown, MO

ON THE BRIGHTER SIDE

(For a film buff-wrestling fan) these times can be pretty depressing: filmmakers used to have to make a few low budget pictures before getting a hundred million dollars and a five-picture deal with Paramount; porno films used to at least be shot on film; rockers didn't have to be photogenic or write an obligatory power-ballad to be considered by the Time-Life/Warner suits, and a wrestler could beat a former hairdresser hands down. Oh, well, there's always the (Von) Erik Watts v. Arn Anderson video to look forward to!

George Maranville
Lexington, KY

LIKE FODDER, LIKE SON?

Son of Sushi is great, just like its dad! Kinda like Brian Christopher. Whereas it could have been an overpushed, third-string quarterback of a rag.

David Graw
Collierville, TN

IT'S BAAACK!

It really made my day when my son Rob "The Mutilator" Costolo brought the mail in and said that it "looks like that guy from California is doing it again," when he handed me Son of #1. [Funny, Rob, that's just about what my nephew Jubie Jay says whenever he sees Meltzer going on another one of his Japan trips!--ed.]

Chuck Costolo,
Rockville, MD

POKE CHOP

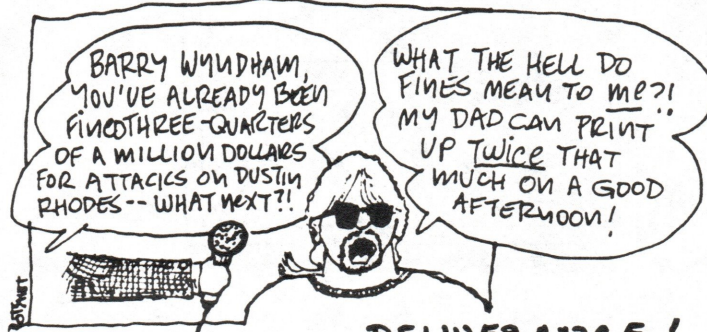
There's too much to satirize today in the current wrestling scene without your rantings from Sushiland. Also, I'm really surprised the WWF didn't come up with your Somalian "Pork Chop On A Pole Match" concept first!

Greg Petrosino
Bel Air, MD

LOVES L.L. BASHING

Three items in Son of Soosh had me in hysterics! 1) The comment about a nude photo of Bull Nakano--wow! When I contemplate the goddess of girth, my heart flutters, my senses reel, my gorge rises. Know where I can get one? 2) "Pork Chop on a Pole Match", best Somali joke ever, 3) L.L. bashing? Count me in! My best to Jubie Jay and The Royd.

The Ageless Jobber
New York State



DELIVERANCE !

Good to see the Scaley Publishing Company back in business! But I'm wondering. Since you stopped doing the former sheet to devote more time to real life and a lady friend, and since this new sheet is called Son of..., did you and her swim upstream to spawn at the Portland Arena or what? If so, did Art Barr give the bride away? Did Konnan el Barberro or Chaz jump out of the wedding cake? Did Sandy Barr officiate at the nuptials? And did Jesse "Jimmy Jack Funk" Barr help in the delivery? When my own children are born, I'd want a Funk to be there too! [Actually, Bobby, there is another story behind the birth of Little Sushi, Jr. When I get a chance, I'll explain it in a future issue. As for the lady friend, she is no more. She was a good person, but she never really did appreciate my interest in wrestling or the sheets. But thanks for the laugh, anyway.--ed.]

Bobby Yates
Randleman, N.C.

BRO' TERRY

Did you hear Bill Watts has been taking steroids to increase his mass? He stopped, though, because he discovered it worked on his muscles and not on his brain. I heard Dusty has been injecting donuts to increase his mass, too. He hopes to get a job as the Michelin Man after he gets fired by WCW. Do you remember Terry Taylor's old red rooster comb? Now, Vince wants Terry to try a new gimmick, something about Terry becoming a black guy with blond hair. So far Terry isn't too thrilled with the Ritz Dye whirlpool baths, but...

Finally, with the success of the Elvis stamp, the post office has decided to release a Mohamed Ali stamp. So far the only picture submitted is of Ali in Gorilla Monsoon's air-plane spin. The stamp may never get off the ground though, since the postmaster general is not happy about mixing the "Famous Persons" stamps with the "Wildlife Collection" stamps. [David, on a day when I get the final issue of Ron Lemieux's AR, and my girl friend and I finally call it quits, I wonder, does your significant other know about your warped wrestling mind and, if so, does she appreciate it? Or do you have to hide in the basement and write stuff like this when she's not looking?--ed.]

David Jacobson
San Diego, CA

LETTER WRITER SCOOPS DAVE'N'WADE

I think what happened with Nailz was that McMahon wanted Kevin Wacholz to grow long fingernails to live up to his nickname. When Wacholz said his nails were long enough and scratched McMahon's pythons to prove it, his nails got snagged on some, uh, puncture marks along Vince's arms from where, I guess, Vince was taking his ICOPRO injections. McMahon did a Mr. Perfect bump to the locker room floor and worked the road agents into believing he was writhed in pain. I also think this is when Vince came up with name for the new WWF Monday Night TV show--RAW! What do you think, Jeff? [Eddie, I love it when readers of this sheet help us scoop Meltzer and Keller on hot stuff like this. Don't be too surprised if they give you the cold shoulder, though, for a year or so, until they get over it, pal!--ed.]

Eddie Goldman
New York, NY

CANADIAN WILDMAN FREAK'N OUT !

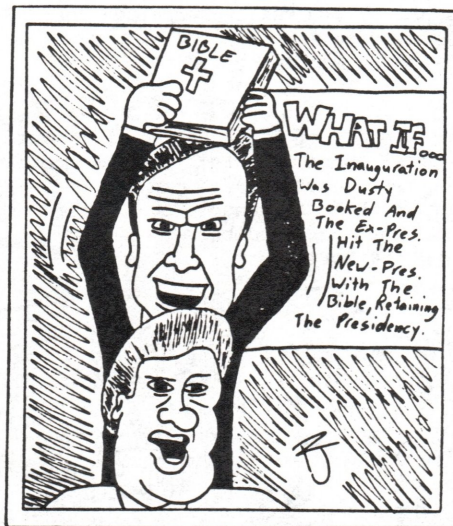
For your information, kid (Jubie Jay's letter to Hot Rod Leighton, Issue #1), there are only two people in the world who do not wish to do something to my poor old worn out bod. I am kinda concerned about you, though. Kids your age shouldn't be able to spell words like "salacious," much less know what they mean. And, no, I've no plans to do any more wrestling related sheets. I'm so burned out today that a leg drop off the top of a 9-foot cage by a totally nude Bison Kimura onto an equally nude Combat Toyoto wouldn't get a rise out of me. "Cold as death," I am Rod. [Hi, Too Cold Nova Scotio! It's meeee, your lil' American nephew, Jubie Jay. I'd be stress out too if I saw a nekkid water bufflo jump on a stripped-down Toyota! Jeez, what if one of 'em accidently got pregnant? What would they call the offspring? A

jeepalo? Well, don't take any wooden bison nickels an' don't eat any yellow snow!--Jubie]

Rodney Leighton
Pugwash, Nova Scotia

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SCREWTOPS BY RYAN JONES



EDDIE GILBERT JUICE KIT!

Hey, Jubie, how was your Christmas? Did you get the Eddie Gilbert Juice Kit? The Kamala Face and Stomach Paint Set for Skinny White Kids? Jerry Lawler's book "How to Sell Out--In Ten Easy Steps? And some ICOPRO? I hope Santa was able to smuggle 'em past your mom. Those items are important things which today's kids should not have to live without! By the way, I'm officially starting an S.O.S. (Save Our Sushi) Fund to bring you guys back full time in '93!

[Hi, Sean, it's me, Jubie. My uncle Riki Jack Hammeroyd and I can only pop up now in the letters pages when people refer to us directly or ask us questions. It was something that came up in the survey last summer. So, thanks, man! You mean there's actually a Kamala Paint Set for little black and white kids on the market. How pluralistic! My mother, Attila the Nun, wouldn't let me go to the toy store before Xmas because of the embarrassing accident I had there last year when I got too close to the fire-sale bin containing all the marked-down WWF toys and all those unsold life-size Hulk Hogan and Ultimate Warrior dolls. Don't tell anyone, Sean, but I can't hold my bladder very well when I'm surrounded by a lot of pro wrestling merchandise, ring memorabilia, and mat superstar likeness figures--like that old plastic doll of Jesse "The Body" Ventura, which makes him mad every time he sees it because he never got any royalties, but which makes me fill a bucket every time I see it! Even thinking and talking about that doll get's me in the mood. Well, Sean, I gotta go (if you know what I mean.) Your pal, Jubie Jay ("Yo' mama! My teeth are floating now!") Mullins.]

Sean Nicholas
Clark, N.J.

[Ed. Note: Actually, I don't think the following was written with anything in mind other than a heartfelt conviction. But if in some of it you seem to pick up a hint of the vintage voice of Ric Flair, or feel you are seeing a bit of the air-stabbing finger while he jumps up on his toes, don't say I didn't warn you. This is something I have always worried about, too, being a fan of Flair and a fan of graps, that one day, unintentionally, I'll be making the most important speech of my life and suddenly I'll slip into a Ric Flair or, heaven forbid, a heel Terry Funk persona: "Now, listen to me, all you s-i-m-p-l-e m-i-n-d-e-d p-e-o-p-l-e!" Come to think of it, though, it might be fun. Well, back to Flair. Woooo...]

WRESTLING IS JUST LIKE LIFE

Why is it that no one understands you can't do anything about Erik Watts! You are stuck with him. Learn to live with it! If you don't like him, then don't watch him. If you don't want to hear about him, turn the volume off. I don't care for Erik Watts, either, but I'll put up with him to see good stuff like Barry Windham, Pillman, Vader, Cactus Jack and others worth my time. It's time for that terrible realization. Wrestling is just like life! You can't control it. You can either put up with the crap to find the gold, or you can pull the plug!

Sorry guys, I just had to get that stuff off my chest! Did I mention it was great to read some Sushi-esque stuff again? Lookin' forward to seeing more Son o'.

Tim D'Allaird
Troy, N.Y.



JUBIE TO REPLACE PAUL E?

Glad to see that, like Brigadoon, Sushiland has re-appeared (and a hell of a lot sooner that 100 years!). P.S. Now that Paul E. is on his way out, how come your nephew Jubie Jay hasn't written to The Cowboy asking for a spot as the top manager? [Three reasons, Dan. Jubie is grounded for what he did to Dave Meltzer while "Trick or Treating" last Halloween over at Campbell-by-the-Sea. His "contract" with Lurcetia Mott Elementary School still has a lotta years left on it. And if Bill Watts can't deal with Paul E., can you imagine him putting up with Jubie...and staying sane?--ed.]

Dan Lennard,
Loxton, Australia

'MACHO CRAP & PIG NOTIONS'

I agree (with your comment about Nailz in Son #1). If you were going to grab anyone in the locker room, I don't think even a female would grab Nailz! I hated seeing them take Bobby Heenan off Prime Time. He's the only one who saved that show. And how about Vern Gagne's sumo stuff? That will be a bust for sure. Well, I'm glad Jubie is back. I missed his views on life. But I hope you and Riki-Jack aren't the one's filling his head with all that macho crap and male pig notions about "wimmen." [Hi, Linda! Actually, I am sort of confused. Unca Jeff's always telling me that wimmen are God, that wimmen are always right, and always, always defer to wimmen and life will be a picnic. I don't know if he really believes that, but that is what I heard him muttering a lot before he and his lady friend broke up. Then, Unca Riki-Jack tells me that men are always right and that we were put on earth to always be waited on and served by wimmen. Yeah, sure. Last week I tried to explain this to the bossiest girl in our school, Sissy Hyatt, and she gave me this funny look and proceeded to try and stuff her books down my throat. And then there are these dreams I'm having about Goldie Locks who is barefooted and wearing nothing but a tiny white apron while she cracks this big black whip at little bear...who likes it! Well, I've gotta go. WWF SUPERSTARS is on. It and the Ren & Stimpy Show are about the only two things these days that seem to make sense.--Jube]

Linda Adams
Omaha, NE

JUSTIN TIME!

[S'NOT WHAT IT SEEMS DEPT.] You do not know how glad I am that I can read some Sushi once again! May favorite parts in issue #1 were the jokes about (Butthold) and the letters Jubie Jay wrote about his classes and his principal Ms. Fartzapon. Keep it in the ring! [Justin, your great last sentence there would also be good advice for Buddy Landell.--ed.]

Justin Hoyer
Stony Point, NY

PASS THE CRACKERS!

[A MAN OF TASTE DEPT.] It sure was great (and re-JUBE-inating!) to see the by-product of frozen fish and caviar back in my mail box!

Darrell Dickens
Asheboro, N.C.

DIS BARD!

[A 'WRESTLING' PERSPECTIVE] Question: What do starving Somalis call a well fed wrestler who takes a shit while doing a moonsault? Answer: Show-off!

Bob Barnett
Santa Monica, CA

*** SQUARED CIRCLE SQUID ***

Mike Lano continues to line up old time talent, sponsors, and the like, for the May 8-9 Sam Muchnick Roast, Wrestlers' Reunion & Memorabilia get-together. Apparently a lot of the legends of graps are sincerely interested in attending this event because of its central and convenient location and, so far, Mike has received commitments (and serious intentions to come) from almost all of the living big names in North America. Even if 90% of them no-showed, it could still be one of the best wrestling-community get-togethers on record. Lano has worked out a "fan's" discount with one of the major airlines, too. For additional info contact Mike at 68 Sable Point, Alameda, CA 94501.

Just when I was wondering which of you stir-fried Sushiites would be first to send us mail with a dead Elvis stamp on the envelope, in comes an uncanceled Presley missive from one of Atlanta, Gee-Aay's finest--Steven "DeTruth" Prazak of Shiney New Hickey On My Pecks newsletter fame, or is it Shenanumake Post? (Hey, guys, I was there, too, and no matter how you spell it, it's not the name of the infamous Japanese train station near the Egg Dome. Actually, it's a sign giving directions to the "Mens Room" at the train station. Boy, you Atlanta Boys!) To quote former Torch columnist Eric Krol (Where are you, anyway, Eric? Drop a line, dude!): Is it just me, or does anyone else get stomach cramps from laughing so hard at some of the stuff the Atlanta Boys put in the Post? I know they are trying to put out a sheet that treats pro wrestling news like the Observer and Torch treat pro wrestling news--with dignity, respect, and accuracy--but why do I find the news in the Post so funny? I mean, in the 1/93 issue they scoop everyone with information about the main event at WRESTLEMANIA IX, and not only do I find this information great to know, but I also start laughing. Like I said, is it just me? Or does anyone else find it amusing that on 4/4 in Vegas, it's gonna be Doink the Clown vs. Sonic the Hedgehog on top?! I know. I shouldn't laugh.

By now, you've noticed the sparkling return of former Sushi cartoon contributors Bill "Potshots" Kunkel and Ryan "Screwjobs" Jones. During the past year, both have been busy inking toons for other sheets and, whether they're just visiting, plan to hang out for awhile, or come and go, it's always a pleasure to see their uniquely different--though dignified and respectful--cartoon styles in a Sushiland sheet... Last ish we mentioned some do's and don'ts about tape-buying and forgot to mention the address of where we got the info--Sheldon Goldberg's excellent every-other month pro wrestling merchandise & memorabilia newsletter Mat Marketplace (\$2.50), P.O. Box 2371, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130.

On 1/29, two hours before this issue went to bed, Orlando, FL reader Anthony Aragona called with news from Ron Lemieux (via Alex Marvez at the Miami Herald) that Andre the Giant had died enroute to his father's funeral in France. ***

NO NUDE WIMMEN DANCING ON STAGE AT THIS GET-TOGETHER...BUT

The day after the ROYAL RUMBLE, I got together with Scott Dickenson, Chris Qualmann, and Mike Lano for dinner and the WWF taping at the San Jose State University Events Center. Scott, who lives in Salem, MA, and refs east coast independent cards, had just worked a Dennis Coralluzzo-promoted Terry Funk vs Eddie Gilbert match in Philly, and was on his way to Hawaii. Chris, the Orlando, Florida, attorney friend of Ron Lemieux, was out here for the television programmers convention. Lano had just

returned to the Bay Area after photographing the Funk-Gilbert "I Quitter" and after swinging by St. Louis for more May 8-9 Muchnick event planning. I, who dragged my dead ass over to Grande Pizzeria after working all day for a living, only had to drive 15 minutes to get to the small Italian restaurant.

Now, I've got to warn you, the place where we ate is a legit family-styled eatery with good food, no frills, and no nude women dancing on a stage and trying to pick dollar bills out of your teeth with their overworked genitalia. So, if you expect any sordid tales, forget it. Though, in fact, there was this very good looking Sherry Martel/Miss Elizabeth-like babe who was with her "husband" she said (but Scott and Chris noticed she had no wedding ring) and who also was with her two young sons, younger than Jubie Jay's 9½, who joined us frequently at our table, leaving her "husband" with his dinner, to ask us questions about wrestling and the evening's show. All I'm gonna say, here, is that she was dressed in a black pants outfit and a sequined black jacket; she was tall; her lips were full; her dark eyes really locked-in when she looked at you; her perfume was expensive, her hip, which she kept moving against the back of my head when she was standing behind me a couple of times while I was eating my Veal Scallopini (I think I was eating Veal Scallopini, it was difficult to concentrate) was only an accident, I'm sure, and her kids were really Wiff-smart, as in, they knew the names and gimmicks of Vince's entire stable but were still at the age when they weren't sure if the matches were worked or not. (Vince, just to show you how it is not a bunch of hardcore

WWF RAW 'TOILET HUMORIST' RESPONDS! (SEE 'LETTER' TO ROB BARTLETT, Pg. 4, BEFORE READING THIS)

Jeff Mullins, Editor
Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi
P.O. Box 36189
San Jose, CA 95158

Jan. 25th, 1993

Dear Jeff,

After a few rather paroxysmal hours of unrestrained joy, I have finally settled down enough to write you, a veritable giant of the printed media, and your nephew Jubie Jay, one who, hereafter, will permanently reside on my top five list of rock throwing nine and a half year olds. As I sit in the Naugahyde Barcolounge which serves as the throne here in my penthouse office, holding my copy of Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi #2, staring at the three and a half star appellation afforded WWF RAW, I find myself muttering with ever increasing incredulity like some outré Sally Field, "You like me....you really like me!" As I am sure you well know, this review is tantamount to the proverbial "Praise from Caesar", but, if I may be so bold, I would even equate it to "Manna from heaven." Or, at the very least, "Okce From Muskogee".

However, what really touched me was the personal letter included with my two copies of SOPWS. (I indeed hope I do not offend with the anagram) and the support offered in light of the rather churlish and surly remarks made by that "Other Editor" from the immensely inferior "Other Pro Wrestling Newsletter". (I find both that contemptible recreant AND his publication too vile to mention by name.) To paraphrase the great philosopher, "Opinions are like assholes...everyone's got one.", and although I may not agree with this reprobate's viewpoint, I do respect his right to express his appraisal of my performance. Nonetheless, I must admit, I have never seen his periodical, as I do not have a bird cage. (The bottom of which, no doubt, being the location I would most likely find the dirty little journalistic rag.)

Although I am a newcomer to the WWF, and up until January 11th, a virtual neophyte to the world of professional wrestling as a whole, I did find myself wondering why there were no REAL wrestling periodicals. I refused to believe that magazines such as Superstar Wrestlers, Wrestling Ringside and even Wrestling All-Stars were the last word on, what I consider, "The Sport of Kings." (Only because I don't have a horse) Where was the voice of the legions of fans? Those devoted individuals whose love for the sweat and canvas drives their mania, not the full colored ads for Batman Costumes and Vinyl Model Kits of Marvel Superheroes. Where was the definitive journal that would answer the myriad of questions about Professional Wrestling? Imagine my delighted surprise the day I found your missive waiting for me at the office.

As far as I'm concerned, "Son Of Pro Wrestling Sushi" is a veritable Futomaki of delights. A briny, mineral laden, protein rush of Wrestling Wisdom. It is the only newsletter capable of answering the hard questions, the ones like, "Is Doink one of those clowns who's crying on the inside, like in those Red Skelton paintings?" "Are Koko B. Ware and Gary Coleman really the same person?" "Why is there no Vince McMahon action figure?" "Does Randy Savage actually like Slim Jims, or does he simply not care what part of the cow he's eating?" "Can Bobby Heenan ever learn to pronounce the word 'Narcissist' so that everybody doesn't think he's really saying 'Narcissus'?" "Is Sushiland or Campbell By the Sea the main energy vortex of the universe?"

Mr. Mullins, I look forward to the day when we might meet, yet, deep down, I sadly know that I am simply not worthy to bask in your glory. I can only pray that I will continue to receive the "Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi" so that I may feast upon the sheer genius and inspiration of its illuminating words. Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi is a publication of Biblical proportions, and it is my fervent wish that some of it's brilliance may wear off on me.

Ever a devout and loyal fan, I remain, the humblest of your servants.

Rob Bartlett
WFAN Radio,
34-12 36th Street,
Astoria, New York, 11106

*Keep up the good work
You're the Vanguard of the
tastefully funny!*



*** By now, those of you who got Ron Lemieux's Arena Report know he's only putting out a 1-page bi-weekly version of his terrific editorializing called Arena Ramblings, available free to anyone who sends an S.A.S.E. to P.O. Box 952547, Lake Mary, FL 32795-2547. Can't beat that!!! ***

guys who are exposing the business, we were careful with our answers, although there was a moment there when, by way of analogy and comparison, Santa Claus almost got his big fat ass exposed for being a fake!) "You outta f--- her, Mullins!" said someone at the table who shall remain anonymous, this someone who obviously does not know that I have decided to live by a new code of ethics, it being that I'm not going to seriously conjugate verbs, or anything else, with a woman who places her hand on the back of my neck, leans over my shoulder, her long hair trickling down the side of my face, and whispers softly in my ear, "Is it, you know, fake?" Hey, if they gotta ask...

I'm sure someone has said this before, but the trouble with a TV taping is that you can't fast-forward it. Once inside the SJSU Events Center (by the way, SJSU is the alma mater of Dave Meltzer, myself, and Dr. Bud Waterman) it became clear that Chris Qualmann was going to be the winner of our impromptu "smart-assed" remark contest. Scott kicked things off with an impersonation of The Repo Man, but from then on, it was Qualmann's show: "Hey, is that really Tenryu in the ring? He does more Dusty than Japanese!" And when Abby-Joke Koko Ware lost, "Hey, Kareem Abdul Jobber!" And when McGurk starts intro'ing the next wrestler using the words "Weight unknown, from parts unknown, it's..." Qualmann says, "...John Hitchcock!?" When Pat Patterson is intro'd because he used to wrestle years ago with Ray Stevens in the old Civic Auditorium a few blocks away, because they need some cheering in the hot mic, Qualmann is on his feet. "He should be arrested! Throw him out! He's a bum!" are only some of the nicer things he yells.

But like Chinese water torture, even Qualmann is soon subdued by squash after squash. Lano (who has just returned from talking ringside with McGurk) says Buddy Rogers once told him that if you look far enough up Vince McMahon's ass, you'll see Jay Strongbow's head!" After I stop laughing, I turn and ask Dickenson, "Scott, why do you like this business?" And he thinks for a few moments and says, seriously, "You know, I don't really know. I just do." F---ing awesome answer, when you think about it.

Which brings to mind, why I publish this sheet? 'Til next time, all you Sushibanditos! When you least expect it! Jeff I am.